WHAT IS HAPPENING IN THE WORLD OF ART

THIS art business has been altogether too one sided. For thousands of years the women have invested most of the capital stock—a good figure; and the men have drawn that and the income. They have taken both credit and cash. Look at Phidias. What chance would he have had to get his name in the papers in 1915 if it hadn't been for that innkeeper's daughter, or whoever she was he used for his majestic model? We don't even know her name; "The Fates," "Athena," or some other fancy invention of man gets the honor for the model's curves. And the model got only her $2 a day, or whatever the union rate was in Athens 400 B. C.

It is true these old artists did a good deal of work for their paragraphs in Father Time's "Who's Who." But there you are again. Work is the greatest fun in the world if you love what you're doing—and they did, every mother's son of 'em. The woman was not asked whether she preferred to be model or sculptor.

"Hold that pose, you Clio," was all the art conversation she could expect from Phidias.

We have changed all that. Woman has not only taken to making pictures and statues herself but she is using them to help her get other things—the vote, just now. The paintings and sculpture now on exhibition at Macbeth's are being sold to raise the cash for a suffrage march on October 23. Progress costs money for banners and bands. You have to face the music—with a checkbook—before you can march behind it.

The notable thing about these pictures and bronzes is their freedom from the narrowness often associated with propaganda. They are highly individual; yet they do not shriek at each other or at the spectator. It is easy to place the majority of them, in imagination, somewhere in home living rooms. The cheerful, growing green of Alice Deming's "Willows in Spring" would light up one wall; Maud Mason's "Still Life" another. Hung in a summer home on the Atlantic coast Ellen Ravenscroft's "Snow on the Heights, Portland, Oregon," would afford a grateful contrast in both geography and temperature.

Outside of Louise Pope's prophecies of subway explosions, there are no very radical departures from the older methods. Anne Estelle Rice uses the intentional crudity of some of the moderns with good color effect in her barge piece and in the interest of character in her cafe sketch. Anne Goldthwaite is modern enough with her own reserves. It is worth while to compare the light transitional greens of the willow piece already mentioned with Miss Goldthwaite's dark Spanish foliage, which makes of the tree a house, a solid structure, whose covering may be stripped off by the winds, but they cannot be changed from within. Their character is fixed.

A street crowd might appear to be the most evanescent of subjects. But Miss Bernstein says of the painting reproduced on this page that she went night after night to sketch for it and found many of the same persons in the same characteristic poses. Maybe they realized the needs of the artist, maybe they came to learn more about suffrage—and maybe they just came.

There are slighter things in various media, color engravings by Edna Boies Hopkins of wild Aster, Daisy Veronica and the other old fashioned flowers that bloomed before suffrage came to the budding season. Here too are the hoopskirts of the earlier human flower as Ethel Pummer has drawn her. On the other hand Mrs. Dayton's improvisations in clay are of the moment, yet they leave an impression that does not soon pass from the memory. She saw these cabmen and dancers with her finger tips—and the mark is there.

As for the bronzes, the buyers have not been able to resist them. Mrs. Whitelaw Reid has purchased one Scudder fountain piece and Mrs. Henry Sage of Albany another by Edith Parsons. There is a wide variety in size and intention from the mock tragedy little child and goose relief by Miss Wright or the peacock of Blanca Will to the big, solemn head of the Breton Thinker by Olga Popoff Muller. Grace Mott Johnson has brought the lion in the suffrage path here so that everybody can see how fierce he has looked all these years and how harmless he is now.

Of course the dancers these women know so well how to make are not wanting—the Eberle "Bacchanale," the large Lucius group, the figure by Sara Morris Green and others that made a unique show last year. And they look even better on a second view.

If these items were not good artistically doubtless buyers would take some of them for the cause's sake. As it is their quality ought to drag many dollars out of the pockets of collectors who don't care if women never get the vote.

Don't stay away from the "Friends of Young Artists" architectural show at Mrs. Whitney's studio (8 West Eighth street), because the subject happens to be mausoleums. It isn't so gloomy as it sounds. In fact there's more than a hint of humor in some of the inscriptions. One designer gravely lettered the alphabet as far as it would go on his tomb. Whether he meant to say that in death the wisest must return to the A B C, or that death is such a mystery every one must spell out for himself, we know not.

Another printed "Utopia" over his gateway of immortal dreams. Some inscriptions are in Greek. This competition gave the colleges a great chance and they took it, both in New York and outside. Naturally many of the local entries were from beginners in architects' offices. But this the third of the competitions arranged by the Friends of Young Artists has drawn results from a wider territory than the other two reached. It has taken time to make the public understand that the society is national in character. Its work should grow in importance each year in relation to all fields of art.

Thomas Hastings has this to say of the significance of the competition so far as it concerns his own profession:

"There is no profession in this country where education has made such remarkable progress as in the art of architecture during the last ten or fifteen years, and the character of the general work executed throughout the country shows the fruits of this education. The greater facility with which we can obtain draughtsmen of ability—men of education who are capable of study—further illustrates this truth, that the progress in architectural education is without parallel in any other profession. The younger educated men have had a great influence upon the different universities throughout the country in modifying and rehabilitating their departments of architecture, so that it now becomes possible to obtain almost as thorough an education here as abroad.

"The natural consequence of this educational uplift has been that there have been established a number of competition, such as this one of the Friends of Young Artists, and the generous prizes and the spirit with which this work has been undertaken by those interested are sure to meet with general approval among the younger men in our offices and universities, and still further stimulate educational work."

The public has indicated a keen interest in the work, attending in large numbers, especially on Tuesday evenings. Many inquiries have been made as to the possibility of having certain designs carried out. In this way more than one young architect will have opportunities that may lead to the largest kind of a future.

The original of the Madonna reproduced here is to be seen at the Plaza Galleries. It was sold at Christie's in 1848 and is now a part of the David collection. At the Plaza is a painting of two men by Lorenzo Lotto. One of the subjects, the one with a cap, looks a bit like Gen. Ulysses S. Grant. The other looks like nobody but himself, a man of consequence and power no doubt in his own day. He is so inevitably bald that he seems to come of a tribe which never had any hair. The lack of it seems to imply some fixed trait of character rather than a mere physical incident.

A lute player by Miguel March is a rare example of this painter of Spain. He is not easy to classify, but he is nearer to Goya than to Greco.

A small oval crucifixion sketch on copper by Van Dyke shows a side of this court painter not often in evidence in his velvet vanities.

Our early history speaks from the portrait of Stephen Decatur, the American seaman, by John Trumbull. Now the satirical poets of his day used to make Trumbull the target for some pretty coarse jesting, partly because he deserved it and partly because a poet would just naturally react from the big official kind of painting jobs Trumbull used to do. But this Decatur is unusually free from the formalism that marred so many of his portraits.

The old cobbler and his wife are examples of an early type of terra cotta work. If they were made to-day they would be prettier—or uglier. But the plain facts were good enough for the nameless modeller of these figures. The man is by no means a Hans Sachs. He evidently knows more about shoes than he does about poetry. But even his knowledge and skill are no match for the hopeless leather ruin he holds high in his hand, perhaps to dash it in disgust on the floor.

These figures produce a curious effect on the visitor to the Aimone Galleries, where they are surrounded by antique furniture that came from castles where a cobbler would not feel at home. Many of the pieces, however, are not originals, but frank reproductions. These are carried out to the furthest detail. For example, a carven chest is made fast by a lock with a secret spring. Now it isn't very likely that the purchaser will trust his valuable property to that lock. But he might do worse. For it works perfectly. Perhaps a burglar that could walk right through a Yale lock might be wholly baffled by this ancient puzzle.

"The Suffrage Meeting," by Theresa F. Bernstein.
At the Macbeth Galleries.

"The Cobbler and His Wife." Early terra cotta figures.
At the Aimone Galleries.

Mr. Montross opened his first autumn exhibition yesterday in his galleries at 550 Fifth avenue. The show will continue for three weeks.

On the same day the Knoedler exhibition of paintings and sketches by Alfred Philippe Roll was opened on the same Fifth avenue block at Forty-sixth street.

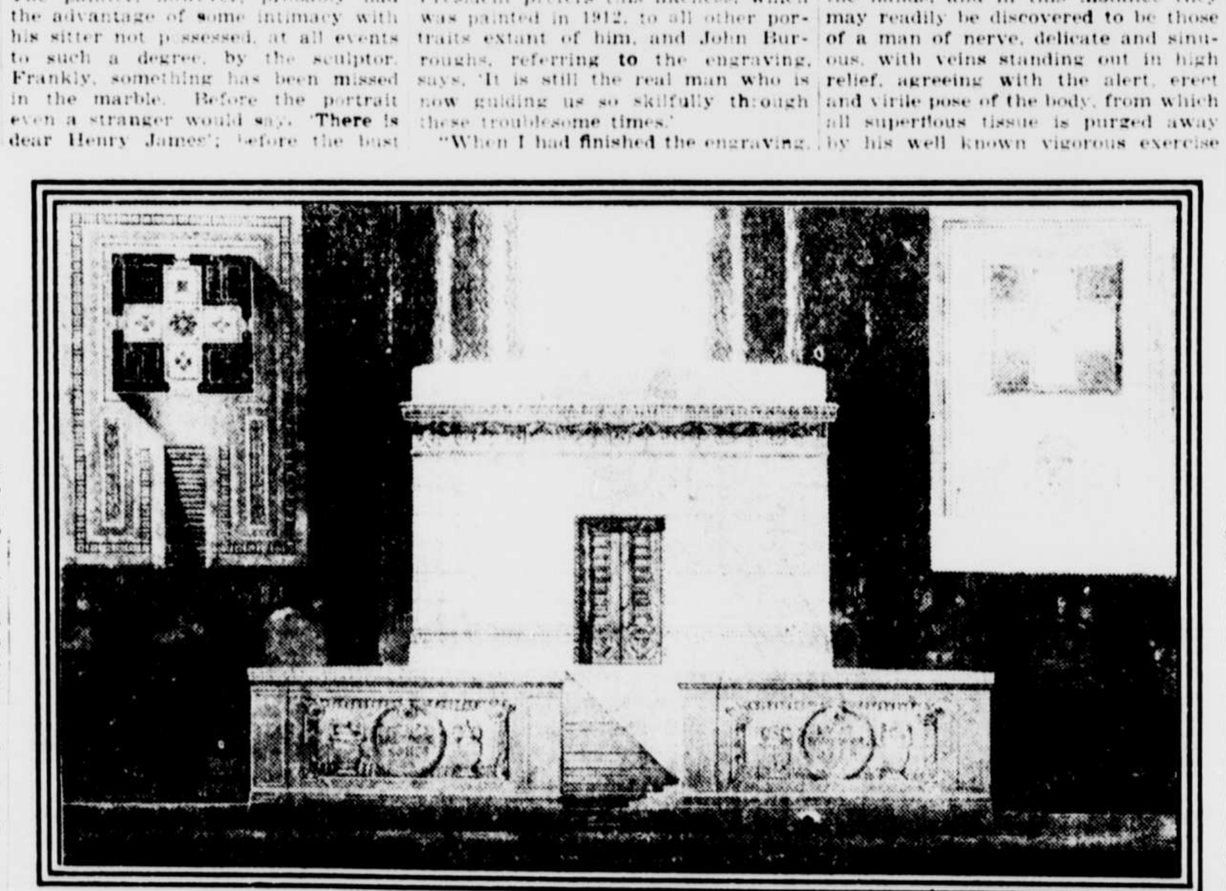
The twenty-sixth annual exhibition of the New York Water Color Club will be held in the galleries of the American Fine Arts Society, 215 West Fifty-seventh street, opening to the public Saturday, November 6, and closing November 28. The Vanderbilt Gallery will be opened during the same period for the exhibition of the National Association of Portrait Painters. Heretofore this gallery has not been open during the water color show.

Miss Nessa Cohen announces her fourth series of lecture promenades through the Altman collection at the Metropolitan Museum on Saturday evenings. The course is designed for the study, appreciation and enjoyment of the entire collection of paintings, sculpture and porcelains. The group of auditors will be limited in number so that ample opportunity will be afforded for question and discussion. The subjects are as follows: October 31, Rembrandt and the other Dutch masters; November 7, Italian, Flemish, German and Spanish paintings; November 14, sculpture; November 28, Chinese porcelains.

Even if he has become an Englishman we can't help keeping up a certain proprietary interest in everything that relates to Henry James. The *Burlington Magazine* has this description of an effigy of him:

"The portrait bust of Mr. Henry James executed in marble by Mr. F. Derwent Wood, A. R. A., and purchased by the Chantrey bequest trustees in 1914 has now been placed in room 25 of the Tate Gallery. It is a little difficult to discuss the physiognomy of a living author when interpreted by sculpture without becoming too personal. The sculptor may be sincerely felicitated on the success of what must have been an arduous undertaking. In this case Mr. Derwent Wood did not have to satisfy exacting relatives and commonplace art critics, but the implacable admirers of an author in two continents. It would be an exaggeration to say that he has presented posterity with a great work of art to which it may turn in plastic curiosity for visualization of a subtle psychologist, not without reason regarded as the greatest of living writers in English, and comparison with Mr. Sargent's marvellous picture is almost inevitable. The painter, however, probably had the advantage of some intimacy with his sitter not possessed, at all events to such a degree, by the sculptor. Frankly, something has been missed in the marble. Before the portrait even a stranger would say, 'There is dear Henry James'; before the bust you will say, "Is that Henry James?" The dignity, the almost Roman and imperial dignity, of his model has been rendered by Mr. Derwent Wood with conscientious scruple. He has avoided generalization and the temptation of improvisation to which modern orthodox sculpture so often succumbs. The non-artistic will be particularly grateful that he should have effaced his own personality in his presentation of another's so significant and so commanding, not merely for the present but for future generations.

"Yet it must be admitted that the humor of the mobile mouth, the humor and kindly cynicism latent but obvious beneath the gravity of the living mask, has proved too elusive for the undoubted skill of Derwent Wood or the medium in which we now see his work. Perhaps the original clay supplied these absent and characteristic factors; perhaps in bronze the spectator could supply them for himself. At all events, oil paint fulfilled its function in the circumstances more easily for Mr. Sargent than the marble for Derwent Wood. But if we forget an ungenerous contrast, unnecessary because Mr. Sargent's work is elsewhere, the distinction and success of the sculptor are easily appreciated. Moreover, surrounded in room 25 by every conceivable folly of the Chantrey trustees, you feel that for once they fulfilled their duties and that if the Crown Prince did land on the embankment outside—that embankment which, according to Ben Jonson, 'so did take our James'—this is the only object in the rooms he would requisition for the imperial collections at Berlin. * * * And if at the east end of room 25 you glance back at the silhouette of the bust (which is then looking away from you) you will detect in the contour of the slightly bowed head something delightfully intimate and oddly familiar."



Design by B. Hoyt for mausoleum.
First prize in competition for young artists at Mrs. Whitney's studio.

Timothy Cole thus describes his new engraving of the Seymour Thomas portrait of President Wilson, issued by George Beyer, 489 Fifth avenue:

"It was early in the month of May, 1915, during the excitement of the Lusitania outrage that President Wilson through his secretary, Mr. Tumulty, conveyed to Mr. Moore his pleasure at having me engrave his portrait from the painting by S. Seymour Thomas that forms one of the chief decorations of the corridor of the White House. I thereupon went to Washington and to the President's house, where I was accorded every facility for making a photograph of the picture, taking it into the Green Room for this purpose, where the light was excellent. I learned that the President prefers this likeness, which was painted in 1912, to all other portraits extant of him, and John Burroughs, referring to the engraving, says, 'It is still the real man who is now guiding us so skilfully through these troublesome times.'

"When I had finished the engraving, which was executed with strict reference to the original, the President signed a couple of proofs for me. One of these I deposited with the Memorabilia of our American Academy of Arts and Letters, of which the President is an honorary member, and the other is in the possession of Mr. Moore, who is a Princeton man, like the President. I engraved in facsimile an example of each of these autographs and affixed one to each artist impression.

"The light plays equally over the extent of the canvas, focussing naturally upon the head, though not unduly accentuating it, as in the canvases of an earlier form of art. It is the portrait of the whole individual. Not the least important part of a portrait are the hands, and in this instance they may readily be discovered to be those of a man of nerve, delicate and sinuous, with veins standing out in high relief, agreeing with the alert, erect and virile pose of the body, from which all superfluous tissue is purged away by his well known vigorous exercise in the open. Although it is the splendid presentation of a man, wherein may be seen the 'Mens sana in corpore sano.'

"In coloring the artist has sought to give the tone of the clear silvery light of day. In this he avows his allegiance to Velasquez. Few colors are used and they are simple and harmonious, being composed of neutral rich browns and warm grays. The head owes much of its distinguished effect to its looming against the large quiet space of the background, which is of warm brownish tone, thickly painted and intercepted by a gray pilaster. The texture of this blank space in its dexterous manipulation effects and enhances the masterful handling of the face and hair. The subtle modelling of the face and hands makes a veritable masterpiece. The general gray tone yet forceful light and shade of the ensemble lends itself admirably to a black and white translation."

"Madonna," by Correggio.
At the Plaza Art Galleries.

The Sargent portrait of Henry James referred to by the English writer is now at San Francisco. Joseph Pennell pointed it out to an interviewer and had a few words to say of other pieces by the same painter. Naturally he talked about his old friend Whistler also.

"These pictures," said Mr. Pennell, "were chosen by Sargent himself. They are the flower of Sargent, from the walls of his own studio. Here is the picture which brought fame to him at a bound—the Madame Gautrin. Here is the Henry James of a year or two ago—the one, you remember, that was slashed by the Suffragettes.

"Look now at these Whistlers. With the marvellous Mrs. Huth in the centre of this wall and with the four wonderful pictures loaned by Charles L. Freer, with many exquisite smaller ones as the centre of the opposite wall, this room contains the quintessence of Whistler. Starting from that little thing in the corner which shows the influence of his relations with Courbet, and going on to these big major works in his own absolutely individual manner, the whole progress and development of Whistler can be studied in these rooms, the Whistler of paint and the no less wonderful Whistler of black and white."

HAGUE PEACE PAINTING TO BE SHOWN HERE

Photo by American Press Association.

Albert Besnard's allegorical group symbolizing Peace, which the French Government will present to the Peace Palace at The Hague. It will be shown in America as a stimulus to contributions for war relief.